



001



9 0 2

Chapter 1 by Megan Lee

Sometimes I do believe you're a fairytale; a delusion I made up inside my head so that the big bad world wasn't so lonely.

Other times I want to smash my face into yours and write epic rock ballads with our scattered breaths.

and you're absolutely too good for the skeleton of a girl I was cursed to be

but

I do extend a most glorious invitation to my tombstone just after 5 tonight where you can drown in the smell of oil and flowers and see my ghost wearing several past lives on her coat tails.

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